

# Pain of Salvation

*The Perfect Element*





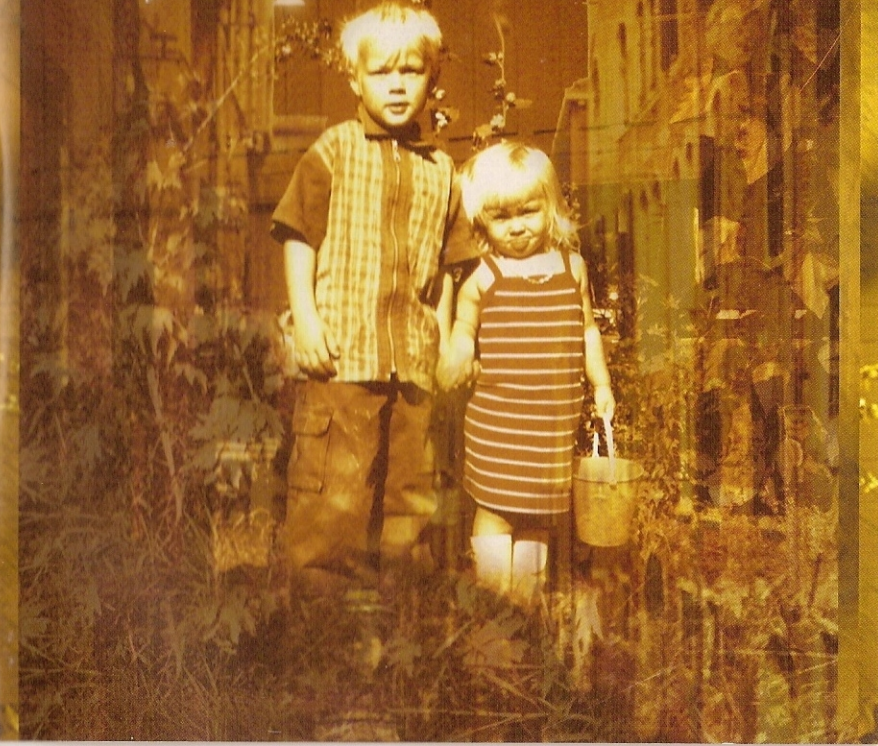
# The Perfect Element, part I



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# Pain of Salvation

## *The Perfect Element*





"

I  
am the waking child  
lingering, climbing, clinging, clutching

I  
the wayward son of a mountain lake  
of icy liquor tears, of a silent earth

I  
set myself on fire, to breed  
the perfect element

"

The Perfect Element



Chapter 1. "As these two desolate worlds collide"

am the unclean the black drop  
cause I'm on your lip and tongue  
breathe me deep and take another sip  
you are so close I'll let you come between my  
much as you're on I'll let you come  
ou let me in, let you come I'd never let you  
am crying unwept tears through this violence  
am the greatest star

**USED**

God I'm not yours as much as you are mine

"I am the unclean  
The black drop at the bottom of your cup  
You'd better drink or throw me up  
'Cause I'm on your lip and tongue  
God  
I'm not yours as much as you are mine  
So let me in to be your lung  
Just breathe me deep and take another sip  
So still  
A taste so sweet but so bitter the kill  
Still on your lip  
You are so close  
I'll let you come  
Between my legs you are closer death than sun  
And I'm not your daughter as much as you're my son  
I'll let you come  
In my mouth on your lip  
So ready and thirsty for the next sip  
You let me in, I let you come  
I'd never let you down  
You let me win, I let you drown!"  
**Getting used to pain**

**I am crying unwept tears through this violence  
I'll die trying to break this thick crust of silence**

"I am the greatest star  
So bright that you all come forth and beg to taste my light  
I can take you far but I'll burn you out before we get there  
But hey! Who am I to stand in your way?  
Go ahead; swallow me down!  
I'll have no problems finding myself out  
When you've gone down  
When you're all cracked and wound"  
**Getting used to pain**

**I am crying...**

Trading pain is a bad deal - I've got more than my share  
Too much to bear  
Every beat of the hammer - every blood-stricken street:  
A way to trade off heat

They will bleed till I'm empty  
If I deserve to die I'll make it show  
I will stain your affection, I will wear out your heart  
You'll follow where I go

**Blood stains... Cut veins... Filthy... Murder... Leave me...**



# IN THE FLESH

She walks these empty streets alone  
Hiding from something they call "home"  
Hoping to find some peace of mind  
Sometimes we need to walk alone

She is set on running away  
Though her mom was yelling she must stay  
A wind beaten bird for reasons unheard  
Sometimes it's best to run away

So fly away, fly away, fly away  
Don't be afraid, don't hesitate, fly away

Some wear their bruises on their skin  
Others have their scars deep within  
She has a wound close to her womb  
Blames herself for letting it in

So fly away, fly away, fly away  
Don't be afraid, don't hesitate, fly away

But she's afraid, she's afraid, she's afraid  
Anyway

See those eyes, see those eyes, see those eyes  
Hate and lies, a fire that slowly dies

But she will fly, she will fly, she will fly  
Before it dies

Sometimes the hands that feed  
Must feed a mind with a sick need  
And the hands that clutch can be  
The same hands that touch too much  
Eyes that hungrily stare  
Read in an access that's not there  
While eyes close to hide tears  
Or look away in fear  
Run away!

Passing the open stores  
Hiding her dirty soars  
Seeking asylum among freaks and whores  
What wouldn't she give to be in a society  
Not learning the eyes to be closed but to see

Now she bites the words  
"Never"  
She kicks the ground  
"Never"  
Swallows her tears  
"Never will I go back"  
She hits the walls  
"Leave me!"  
Scratches herself  
"Leave me!"  
Begs to all Gods  
"Rip me from this sick flesh!"

"I will always be there"  
"No!"  
She holds her ears  
"You know that I love you"  
Pretends she doesn't hear  
"We're in this together"  
"We share the same skin"  
Panic in his voice now  
"Free us from sin!"

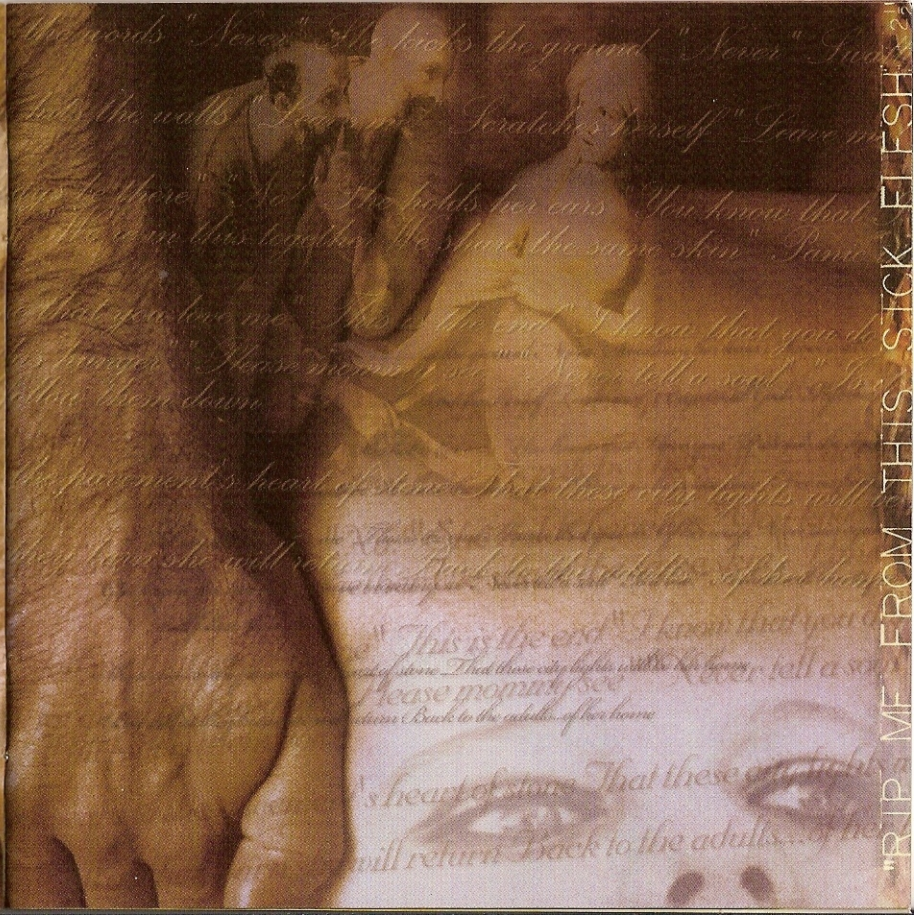
"Tell me that you love me"  
This is the end  
"I know that you do"  
Of her way  
Never ever again  
Follow me down

"God forgive this hunger"  
"Please mommy see"  
"Never tell a soul"  
"Is it me?"  
A child will love its parents  
Will follow them down

She swears to the pavement's heart of stone  
That these city lights will be her home  
But still as they burn she will return  
Back to the adults...

...of her home

(Daniel Gildenloev)





You claim I don't know you, but I know you well  
I read in those ash eyes we've been through hell  
I've walked with the weakest just to feel strong  
You've given your body just to belong

Let's burn together  
Let's burn together

This pain will never end  
The scars will never mend

I taste your sorrow and you taste my pain  
Drawn to each other for every stain  
Licking the layers of soot from your skin  
Your tears work my crust to let yourself in

Touching you harder  
Touching you harder now

As we walk through the ashes  
I whisper your name  
A taste of pain to cling to  
As we walk through the ashes  
You whisper my name  
Who's the one with the sickest mind...  
...now?

This pain will never end  
Our scars will never mend  
Cleansing sweat  
We are just using each other  
Too depraved to stay alive  
But too young to die  
And we hurt  
Thus we hurt

Scrubbing it harder  
Too late to back out now  
Scrubbing it even harder  
As these two broken barren desolate disordered worlds collide

As we walk...

*(Daniel Goldstein)*

This pain will never end  
The scars will never mend  
Damn this dirty bed  
Damn this dirty head

Touching you harder

# Morning on Earth

For as long as I can remember I have wanted to  
Silence every beating heart; every sound of breathing  
Now there is something inside of me that aches as I hear you  
Breathing here when you sleep between these morning sheets  
I am the tears in your mouth  
I am the weight on your shoulder  
I am the scream that wants out  
And my heart just couldn't grow colder  
Now this rusty heart is my gift  
This fallen love is my rift

Morning arrives on an earth I've never seen before  
Revealing a life that I never really understood  
Strange, the way beauty can hurt the opened eye  
Much more than all of the filth and pain  
That we're soaked in ever could

I am the tears in your mouth  
I am the weight on your shoulder  
I am the scream that wants out  
And my heart just couldn't grow colder

How it's hurting me to suddenly see what I have become  
You must always be  
We are still on the sidewalks

Hear this voice, see this man standing before you  
I'm just a child trapped inside the body of a man

"A relation, so oddly old - bred not to love  
Suffers the beaten grounds of Idioglossia  
We talk but we do not speak  
Together only in our incapability to leave this fallen playground  
We rule this Empire merely with these few crippled toys  
Rust in our faces  
This is what we can share - this is all we can love  
Still  
Furiously we will linger to it with our lives  
Cling to its rust and pains  
Barefoot and torn  
Bred not but born to love"

Hear this voice, see this man standing before you  
I'm just a child trapped inside this fallen man  
See this child



## Chapter II. "It all catches up on you when you slow down"

It all comes back to me

Face to the floor  
Heart in my mouth  
My forehead hits the pavement  
Again - numb - again  
Sharing this humility  
A circle of humanity  
Momentarily black in me  
Immomentarily black  
So black

Memory leave me be  
Close that eye leave love blind

When outcome is preceded  
By an outlet that is needed  
We forget all but the circle  
As soon as the ends have met  
As soon as the ends have met

I scratch the surface and see  
Someone better than me  
Where did I suffer that loss?  
What was taken from me?

As I search through the ashes  
For someone to blame  
I'm afraid to see my face  
As I walk through the ashes  
I whisper your name  
Meeting you have forced me  
To meet myself

This blood proves me right  
In that the last move is all that  
Counts if the beasts must bite  
Now to the floor  
Couch to the taste of dust  
In my mouth - never!  
I bite the words - never again!  
Will I let anyone else finish  
I'll be the end of every way

Memory let it die left behind  
Leave me blind

Despite all these words  
Not one could express  
What I had inside  
Living was to hide

Kneeling in whirlpools  
Of pink champagne

Celebrating the bravery of my pain  
Something broke  
And no water could ever wash  
The anger from that first stain

*(Phan Redgum)*

I scratched the surface to find  
Someone wicked and blind  
Where did it come to that end?  
Why can't these scars ever mend?

Memories...

I have swallowed all these tears  
Thought they'd be gone  
After all these years  
Now this heart is waking up  
With a new hunger  
For my own blood

As I search through the ashes...

*(Phan Redgum)*

Face to the ground  
Heart in their mouth  
Foreheads hit the pavement  
Again - numb - again  
Sharing my hostility  
A streetful of insanity  
This is payback for every  
Tear in me hole in me  
Black in me - black

Memory history agony  
Let me see that hideous  
Idioglossia that formed me

Despite all these words  
Not one could express  
What I had inside  
Living was to hide

For every time you froze me out  
For every punch every shout  
For not believing in me  
For your stupidity  
For stealing what could have been  
Me

It all comes back to you

Is this all I am?

## Her Voices

Looking at you I see her face  
Through all these years, just waiting  
It all catches up on you when you slow down

Im back in that yard, tasting that shame  
Of pushing her down Of kids and their games  
...their strongholds

We had a bigger world - we had a better view  
I guess I never fully realised then  
What she lost when I cut that loss

So she filled the void with unearthly friends  
Voices of hers - greater ...than us

We had a bigger world - we had a better view  
I wish shed never told us about her voices  
We were strong, we were much too strong

Never forgive - never forget

We picked and pierced, we ripped and we tore  
We hit and scratched to make in her a hole  
Glares and eyes - whispers and notes  
Attached to her every pose

We fed her shouts  
For the collection of her voices  
I was too weak to collect  
But so, it turned out, was she  
Both paid in soul for the cutting of that loss

Their ugly truth  
Outnumbered by far her beautiful dream  
And I closed my eyes  
Were her eyes in yours already when we met?  
Am I still paying debts to recover Life?

Now I can see she proved to be right  
As she was called down  
It's sad though...  
...that I turned out to be one of her voices



# King of Loss

I watched you die  
Though you had always been there  
Since I first came into this world  
Outside people smile  
I ask - why this deep blue sky?  
When you have left this world today  
Does it not know when to weep?

All my life I've looked up to you  
A humble old man who always knew  
No one can ever be closer to God than you  
So who could fill this void?

I still can't believe that you are not around  
That your warm voice won't make another sound  
Sure I understand but I never will accept  
That you should be gone

I watched you die  
And I have feared this moment  
Since I was just a child  
So why that sunny sky?  
When my beloved grandfather  
Lies dead here cold and still?

# KING OF LOSS

Mother, at my first breath  
Every paragraph was set  
As I inhaled the scent of debt  
Mother, that first stolen air  
Taken as a legal sign  
On papers saying I'm not mine

"We crown you, the King of Loss.  
Better get on your feet  
Best be one of us  
Better get yourself on the list  
For success  
Dress up as a State investment  
Charm the press  
A breed from the seed of only  
One short breath!"

Mother, hence we cry:  
Some of us are free to stand  
Most of us are bound to lie  
In those bloodstained beds  
No one can afford to pay  
The prices on their babies' heads

I am the King of Loss!  
For every dear smile I feel I'm not one of us  
"An ivory coin for every plus on your stone"

"One more governmental blade  
Now drawn from its private sheath  
Quite a bargain I'd say since either way  
You will live by the show of our teeth!"

Mother, I wish that we could talk  
You see  
I'm not fit to play this game,  
Bound by its rules just the same  
My talents turned to talons  
Every monetary pile  
Will buy me a precious smile  
... smile ...

So smile for the King of Loss!  
Feed from the juices  
Bleeding from this cross  
Then tell me our lives mean more  
Than this vain thirst!

"A governmental blade  
Now drawn from its private sheath  
Quite a bargain I'd say, since either way  
You will live by the show of our teeth!"

I hold up my head  
This was my life  
Now I'm with the dead  
So I lay bare my neck  
This is your call:  
Dub a king or cut a wreck

(Mother, listen to me mother)

This was my life  
This is your call!

Is this all I am? Is this all I'll be?  
This is not enough!

We're all crying for respect and attention  
We're all dying for a painless redemption!  
This is not what I wanted  
But for every drop of blood I lost myself  
I, too, lay bleeding on the sidewalk...

(Daniel Sildenblau)

Mother ...  
Long live the dying king!

A governmental blade  
Now drawn from its private sheath  
Quite a bargain you say, since either way  
I will live by the show of your teeth...



Chapter III. "Far beyond the point of no return"

RECONCILIATION

I thought I'd seen hell  
Thought I knew it all  
Now I know too well  
Hell is to wake up  
But it makes all the difference

Tasting the tears in my mouth  
Taking the weight on my shoulders  
The hours and days of your life  
Don't necessarily make you older

I'm sick of running away  
Along these bloody streets  
I'm sick of predators and prey  
Of being everybody's end

I've washed my hands of your blood  
Thought it would leave me clean  
But with time on my hands  
It turned to mud forming this crust of sin

Now - to be truly free  
I'll let it come to me  
So - break me if you must  
When you break this crust  
Freedom is to see

Hear this voice, see this man  
Standing before you I'm just a child  
Just a man learning to yield

*(Johan Hallgren)*

I hate these hands soaked in blood  
I hate what these eyes have seen  
Up to my knees in filth and mud  
How it hurts to become clean

I was always on my mind  
But never on my hide  
Run - but if you run away  
You'll always have to hide  
So if you need to run  
Run for help

## Song for the Innocent

*(what else can the dying do?)*

*This world is what we can give  
Scarred from the way we lived  
All those dreams we shared for you  
How I wish they could come true*

*We dreamed of a world in peace  
But killed for a life of ease  
Now we leave the wounds for you  
What else can the dying do?*

*(Daniel Goldenkew)*

*...all those dreams we shared for you  
God, I wish them to be true...*





Perfect element the perfect element the perfect element the perfect element the perfect element the perfect element  
 Once  
*I had a mountain of my own  
 With moss and walls and magic  
 And a mighty view  
 A forest of my own  
 Listening to me  
 Showing me its secret paths and trails  
 Green with depths and sleeping sunrises  
 Thorns that never cut  
 My feet and face  
 A pine of my own  
 Offering a seat in the sunset  
 Painting windy pictures  
 Arabesques  
 Of fortune and forever  
 Too large to fit  
 Even in a child's pocket  
 Now  
 Arabesques of forgetfulness  
 Are left to burn holes  
 In my white tapestry and tangible wallpaper  
 Once  
 I had a world of my own  
 It is still there  
 Only  
 I am gone*

Yesterday found him today  
 Caught him at his last breath  
 These walls built to stand come-what-may  
 Lie shattered in the ashes  
 His skin against this dirty floor  
 Eyes fixed on the ceiling  
 He has stretched those chains of sin  
 Far beyond all feelings  
 Still so still...  
 In his head a thunderous  
 Cry of desperation  
 Tearing voices from his past  
 Scream for his attention  
 Behind those eyes a world explodes  
 No one there to save him  
 All pain that he's been passing on  
 Answers to his craving  
 Once more  
 I will never leave this shame...  
 Falling far beyond the point of no return  
 Nothing to become and nothing left to burn  
 Stealing meaning from this child  
 We took away his reason  
 His soul put under lock and key  
 His heart blackened from treason  
 But if you take from those you fear  
 Everything they value  
 You have bred the perfect beast  
 Drained enough to kill you  
 Falling far beyond the point of no return  
 Nothing to become and nothing left to burn  
 Watching unseen untouched bleeding  
 Empty exposed dying eyes closed  
 Once he had forests and mountains  
 That were only his - listening to him  
 Once he would run through the summer days  
 Catching memories for ages to come  
 Now he is dressing this naked floor  
 With his flesh and blood, and time passes by  
 His trade of pain might just have lead him  
 To a deal with consequence  
 For some change as time passes by  
 I am the waking child  
 (Lingering climbing clinging clutching  
 Craving clawing hurting falling down)  
 I, the wayward son of a mountain lake  
 (Of icy liquor tears, of a silent earth  
 Of a rusty lid, of a wingless wind  
 Of an eyeless storm, of fallen gods  
 Who lost their way)  
 I set myself on fire  
 To breed the perfect element  
 Will I ever walk again?  
 Falling far beyond the point of no return  
 Nothing to become and nothing left to burn  
 (This is the end)  
 Nothing left to say  
 The pain will go away  
 Now you must surely see  
 That you are killing me  
 Now you are killing me...  
 Now you are killing me...  
 Now you are killing me...  
 (You must never leave this shame!)  
 Is this more than you want?  
 To be continued...

To be continued . .



# The Perfect Element

## Notes

"The Perfect Element, part I" is the first half of a planned two-piece concept revolving around childhood and adolescence. What is forming us as individuals, what makes us tick - and what makes some people stop ticking, or make other people stop ticking? In a way this is thus a classic bildungsroman, but in this form perhaps with a bit more focus on the social and educational aspects of the forming of the individual.

Even though parts of this concept and its emotions are influenced by our lives and others' we want to emphasise that it should not be seen as an autobiography or true story. However, we hope and believe that anybody with the ability to feel pity and empathy should be able to relate to this story and recognise themselves throughout the album. If not in the situations then at least in the spectra of emotions displayed through them.

### Pain of Salvation would like to thank:

Theo, Tomme, Bengtsson, Pontus and Cindy at Roasting-House, Mattias Bengtsson/MB Productions for all useful information about artwork standards. Naohiro and Hiroshi at Avalon. Thomas, Matt and Michael at InsideOut. Jim Pitulski and John Eyošević at InsideOut America. Moises Della Monica at Hellion. Johnny Moonshine. Fredrik Hallgren and Elin Iggsten. Ulf Nordström at Malmö Musikhögskola, Musikbörsen Malmö, Sörmlands Sinfonietta, Sven-Olof Juvas and Jonas Burman. Henrik Karlsson and Micke Pettersson. MP. The guys in the falafel trailer at the parking lot by the gas station. Lazio for their wonderful pizzas.

**European tour 1999:** Fredrik "The Mobile Party" Rud (one finger...), Eldritch, Threshold, Laurence and Andy, Franklin - the greatest tourbus driver there is, Roberto ("buried old!"), Rob and Chris, Fredrik Roman and Niklas Johansson, The tattooed girl with friends and the Dutch couple who travelled between countries just to see more of us, all our fans all over Europe who came to see us, all our NewsLetter subscribers whom we finally got the chance to see face to face and all the people sending us feedback and photos from the tour. We hope to see you all again soon!

**Progpower 1999:** René Janssen, Wolverine, Mayadome, the Hulsegge brothers and everybody who came from abroad to see us. Kenji Kanuka, Darrin Griffin, Julian Thorpe-Fairall, Joe DeAngelo and Daniel Gomes, Liselotte Heger, Studiefrämjandet Eskilstuna, MGK Data, Villa Söderas, Helge Köhler, Hasse Lindell, Balsta with staff, Kেকে and Kjell, Micke and Bosse.

Finally we want to thank all our wonderful and devoted fans that listen to our music, come to our shows, contact us, subscribe to our NewsLetter and Mailing List, and do all those extraordinary things for us on their own initiatives! We are sorry that we have been unable to reply to your e-mails, but we have had a very hectic year. Nevertheless, you should know that we are doing the best we can to get on top of that endless pile of e-mail messages and interviews that we have received, and that you are making us happy and warm with every word and every second you spend on us! You are the greatest!

[www.painofsalvation.com](http://www.painofsalvation.com)

Daniel Gildenlöw  
Lead Vocals & Guitars

**On the difficult art of appreciation** And so... a new album, a new concept, another humble footprint in the sands of everything, a new me and perhaps a new you - if so I welcome you - and consequently a new chapter to my ongoing list of love and admiration. The third in order, logically enough.

### CHAPTER III - To those without whom this world would have been a lesser place:

Johanna, now my wedded wife and always my girl of the forests - a princess of the night now grown a queen. You are paying debts for my dream with every minute without me, and I know that cost by its every name for we were simply not made to be apart. I can only beg of you to have patience with this wayward Peter Pan, who at least strives to catch more than his shadow.

I want to thank all the people attending our wedding, and all of those who made it happen. It was one of the loveliest days of my life and I am still moved by the warmth you all shared with us. Big hugs to my family who has been a loving, but at some points admittedly very confusing, mixture of support and resistance throughout my life thus far. I also send warm greetings to all other relatives that I do not see as often as I should. Hugs also to the Iggsten family, Erik and Klara (who decorate the cover of this album), the Hjalmarsson/Iggsten family for always being around in Gävle, Britta, Fredrik Rud and the other Rud and Iggsten families.

Lilly, my dear grandma, died last year while we were on our European tour. She was the last of my living grandparents and with that loss I am now forever separated from an important part of my roots.

Again it strikes me how surprisingly unequipped the human mind is for dealing with loss. After all these millions of years of evolution where the living are constantly left to form the future generations, and loss thereby should be one of the experiences that I can be certain my ancestors met, how can it still hurt so much to lose someone close? Somehow that makes me believe that empathy and contemplation, even grief itself, have been important necessities for mankind - keys to our survival - and should of course still be.

I will always miss them endlessly and I really wish to believe that we will meet again. If not...

More thanks: Micael Sundqvist and Anna Sjöstedt, two of the old ones still around this absentminded fellow. Stefan Zell, Magnus, Niklas and Micke at MGK Data, Hiroshi and Kiyoko Kaneko and Mariko for making my week in Japan a wonderful experience!

Andy, Heidi, Per, Andreas, Magan, Runnström, Peter, Musikklinjen - there are big holes in my life where you all used to be. Bitan, I want to thank you for the stolen flower you gave me, and I am really sorry for ever having harassed you about being a vegetarian - just look at me today - snacka om att bita i gräset...

There are so many movies, books, albums, artists and games that have made my life even more worth living, but no matter how I look at it, nature exceeds all manmade thrills and arts: treds and mountains, the deep woods and waters, cats and grass - even though both make me sneeze. The sound of the ocean when you stand before it, no questions needed. Even answers unneeded - and that, friends, is a rare situation. Sand. Every time I see someone reach out for someone else, every time we appreciate and respect Life, then we are in a sense making it all worthwhile.

Last and definitely least (bad joke), love to the guys in the band for sharing Heaven and Hell with me. "If two million people do a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing" *Berke Breathed, through his penguin, Opus.*

Daniel is endorsed by KORG/Parker Guitars and uses Rocktron equipment from MusikBörsen. The bigger you get, the bigger the chances of being endorsed, and the less you need it. Such is the world.



# Johan Langell

*Drums & Backing Vocals*

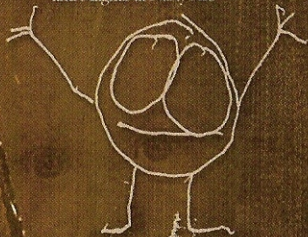
I would like to dedicate this album to the memory of my grandmother, Sonja Langell.

## Thanks to:

The Langell family - Kenneth, Bodil, Jonas and Jesper. My grandparents - Tage and Christina Eriksson and Olle Langell. My cats Sobril and Ebba.

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Janne and Jamil at M-Age Music, Sabian, Musikhuset, Tony and Charlie at Tattoo World and Magnus at Nasty Art.



Johan Langell exclusively uses Sabian symbols.  
Johan also uses Pearl drums, Remo drum heads  
and Vic Firth drum sticks.



# Kristoffer Gildenlöw

*Bass & Backing Vocals*

I would sincerely like to thank the following personalities:

My best friend Henrik Karlsson and his lovely family; my fuzzy bass animal of the South - I love you; all Jäder people; Mom, Dad and Ewa - thank you guys for everything; Pascal and Picasso - cuties; Magnus Holmberg, Henrik Båht, Eva Andersson, Marcus Sigurdsson and all the other guys at Karlskoga FH SK; Marie Thorén; Ida Bengtsson with family; all the colleagues and bosses at SFR-Tskåstun; Jonas Burman and Monica Gedda at SMT; the Balsta staff; Bosse Lundkvist; my faithful pupils; Funk Attack; the staff at MGK-Data; George at Neuser Basses; Barbara at Ken Smith Strings; Mabass; Robert Sharting.

## Think happy thoughts!

*Together we are strong... it is not just a way of speaking, it's a truth of Life...  
But one man can also be as strong as a hundred men  
It's all in the mind, it's all about concentration and belief  
I'm not telling you to jump off a roof believing you can fly  
But if you aim a star and land the moon, why not aim for something greater?  
The world's full of great things  
Inhale them and behold the true glory of Life  
Nothing can save you from the sober truth and reality  
Why run away?  
Stay and change!  
The earth belongs to us all  
Humanity is such a small part of the whole population  
So why should we be the ones to decide?  
Listen to the ones who cannot speak, talk to the ones who don't understand your language  
Take contact with the ones who seem unreachable and lift up your eyes to the sky  
To witness the changes you make  
Accept others' mistakes  
Only if you keep quiet, the conversation ends  
Make yourself heard and you can change the world  
But first change yourself into some thing you want to be  
Be nice to everyone and everything, disregarding size, colour or intelligence  
We are all created differently  
Created with love and with a promising future of becoming something great  
But we already are...*

Take care, and help us making this world a better place!

Kristoffer Gildenlöw exclusively uses Neuser basses.







# *Fredrik Hermansson*

*Keyboards, Steinway and Samplers*

I wish to take this opportunity to thank:

Berke Breathed's Opus (the Penguin), the scent of lilacs, the TV-show Mad About you, my chamber musician friends at the university - you mean a world to me, Anders Kilstrom, Martinus, Roy Okutani, tea and all wise people that constantly seem to cross my path.

I truly find meaning and so much love around me that soothes this heart of mine and I hope I am able to give some back.

"There is no best, only different!"



# *Johan Hallgren*

*Guitar & Backing vocals*

Thank you!

My grandparents for their endless support.  
Göte for being my best friend.  
The Hallgren family.  
My mother and brother.  
The Eldh family.  
My cats, Gubben, Gumman and Sivan.

Janne, Robin, Pierre, Gabbe, Oscar, The Villa Söderas staff, Rippe, Mirre, Adam, Heikinen, Peter Pettersson, Ola Molander, Johan Agren, Micke Hörnell, Lars Hendelmo, Micke Osterberg, Micke Ekroth, Johan Lopt, Bo Lundkvist, Mr. Simo, Lars Rydberg, Mattias Borg, Malmköping friends, Berra, Jan Vrbec, Christer First, Petri Koivisto, Jani M, Petrus Sundholm, Rikard Engström, Conny Axelsson, Roger Hultman, Mikael Oijwall, Anders Nord, Tommy Ask, Mita, Kalle, Micke Engstrand, Roger Nilsson, David Lind, Jeff Hansel and Andreas Karlsson.

All living things that give me a reason to care.  
The guys in the band.  
Everyone who think themselves important (business not included).  
All of you out there giving me this opportunity in life.  
This universe for letting some secrets unknown.  
The wonderful creations of nature...

I would like to dedicate this album to the loving memory of  
Iris and Yvonne Larsson



# The Perfect Element

## *Pain of Salvation I*

GEMA

LC01414

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1. Used
2. In the Flesh
3. Ashes
4. Morning on Earth
5. Ichiglossia
6. Her Voices
7. Dedication
8. King of Loss
9. Reconciliation
10. Song for the Innocent
11. Falling
12. The Perfect Element

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**Concept and lyrics** by Daniel Gildenlöv

**Music and arrangements** by Daniel Gildenlöv except for the first half of Her Voices by Fredrik Hermansson and Daniel Gildenlöv, and the 'Once' part in the middle of The Perfect Element by Daniel Gildenlöv and Johan Langell

**String arrangements** by Daniel Gildenlöv and Fredrik Hermansson

**Additional Musicians:** Mihai Cucu, Camilla Andersson, Petter Axelsson, Gretel Gradén and Johnny Björk - strings on Used, Morning on Earth, Idioglossia, Her Voices, King of Loss and The Perfect Element

**Artwork** by Daniel Gildenlöv/Gildenlöv MultiMedia

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## The Perfect Element

*Notes*

**Recorded** March-July 2000 at RoastingHouse Recording Studio AB in Malmö, Sweden

**Produced** by Anders Theo Theander, Daniel Gildenlöv and Pain of Salvation

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# The Perfect Element

by *Pain of Salvation*

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File under Progressive Metal

SPV 085-41282 CD IOMCD 067

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